Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceed good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your seruant and *Costard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander.*

Clow. O sir you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close-stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander.* There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueilous good neighbour insooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisandar*, alas you see, how it's a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Clo.*

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe.
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. *Not Iscariot sir.*
Iudas I am, yclyped Machabeus.

Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kissing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas?*

Ped. *Iudas I am.*

Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas.*

Ped. What meane you sir.?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of counte
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boy. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman
Boy. The Pummell of *Cæsars* F
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on
Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lea
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of
And now forward, for we haue pu
Ped. You haue put me out of co
Ber. False, we haue giuen thee
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd the
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we w
Boy. Therefore as he is an Asse,
And so adieu sweet *Iude.* Nay, wh
Dum. For the latter end of his n
Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giu
Ped. This is not generous, not g
Boy. A light for mounsier *Iudas*, it g
Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, h

Enter Bragg

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, he
Dum. Though my mockes com
merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a Troyan
Boy. But is this *Hector*?
Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so
Lon. His legge is too big for *He*
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boy. No he is best indued in the
Ber. This cannot be *Hector.*
Dum. He's a God or a Painter,
Ber. *The Armipotent Mars, of*
Hector *a gift.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3